

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 32. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1844.

PRICE 1½d.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

THE devotion with which business is pursued in London has caused the Sunday to be most unfairly dealt with. The great bulk of the industrious classes find, or affect to find, that they must work from morning till night for six days, and then convince themselves that it is necessary to spend the Sunday entirely in recreation, for which they say they have no other time. It would probably be a new idea to many of them, if they were asked, 'Why no other time?' or if it were pointed out that each day ought to have, to some extent, its own period of recreation. But, how far soever they may be in error on this point, the mode in which these classes do generally spend the Sunday is itself a fact in our social system not unworthy of notice. A few light pencillings on the subject may be listened to, where a downright sermon would be disregarded.

The streets of London always present a remarkably quiet and deserted appearance early in the morning, but on this day particularly so. All is still, save now and then when the steps of the distant policeman are heard breaking with their echoes the death-like silence of the streets, or when a party of anglers, principally young clerks and shopmen, pass by, yawning and half wishing that they had not got up quite so early, and carrying across their shoulders formidable instruments intended for the capture of roach and gudgeons, and large full-bellied baskets crammed with bread and meat, equivocal pork pies, and a bottle of beer. Now and then—but, I am happy to say, this has become comparatively a rare sight of late years—some mechanic, we may hope an unmarried one, who had been offering last night the first fruits of his week's wages at the shrine of Bacchus, comes staggering past. He is not sufficiently sober to know where he is going; but as he is not too drunk to walk, and does not make any disturbance, the policeman takes no notice of him. The early breakfast stalls, that on other days are patronised by artisans on the way to their work, are not to be seen, or are confined to localities in which their custom is derived from those who reside in their immediate vicinity. The coffee-shops remain shut longer than usual, as mechanics, who form their principal frequenters, lie in bed a couple of hours later, as a rest from the toil of the past week, and a preparation for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

At seven o'clock the day may be said to commence. The shrill voice of the water-cress seller is heard—the small transactions of that trade confining it almost entirely to children and those who are too old for anything else. The other cries tolerated on Sunday morning are shrimps, dried haddocks, Yarmouth bloaters, mackerel, and the fruits of the season. It may be well, however, to say that the magnificent but ugly word bluster is applied to mere red herrings, and not to that

incomparable dainty which swims in the sea only a few days before it comes on the table, and is only salted sufficiently to make it keep for that interval, and only smoked enough to tinge it with the colour of virgin gold. The milk-woman now walks her rounds, clattering her tin cans, and singing out her musical cry. She is a stout, rosy-cheeked, good-humoured Welsh or Irish woman, with a joke for the policeman, and for the servant-girl an inquiry after the health of her 'young man.' She is also the confidant of the whole neighbourhood, and gives sage advice to the servant-of-all-work, who, disgusted with some inquiries that had been made after a shoulder of mutton which appeared but once at table, resolves to give that missus of hers warning this very blessed day. The chimneys begin to smoke, and the shops in the poor neighbourhoods, that deal in the necessities of life, open one by one. Down the narrow courts, windows are thrown open to let the chimney draw; and in that nearest you, you hear the rattle of cups and saucers, and by and by the screams of a little boy who is undergoing an involuntary ablution. When the younger branches of the family are dressed, they are made to sit in a row on the dog-step, so that they may be out of the way, and with strict injunctions not to play, lest they should spoil their dresses. Inside, the mother and elder daughters are deep in the mysteries of stuffing a leg of pork and the manufacture of an apple-pie; and the father, after being knocked about by everybody, and made a complete tool of—having alternately been set to hold the baby, and pare apples, and reach down sugar, and sharpen knives—at length indignantly retires to the street-door, where, with his coat off, and in a very white shirt and ditto trousers, and with the baby in his arms, he smokes his pipe and reads his Sunday paper, borrowed from the public-house, or one of the penny weeklies, purchased 'out and out.'

About ten o'clock the streets become fuller. Londoners have a strong regard for appearances, and those who perhaps do not visit a church from one year's end to another, are yet unwilling to exhibit their negligence to the public. During the hours of the morning service the streets are comparatively empty; all those who set out on their day's walk before dinner—who, however, form but a limited proportion of the pleasure-seekers—starting about this time. They generally consist of small parties who go down by railway or steamboat to Greenwich, carrying their dinner with them in a basket, and dining under a chestnut-tree, spending their afternoon in visiting Shooter's Hill, riding on donkeys on Blackheath, or perhaps getting up, along with some other party, a game at kiss-in-the-ring. This is also the time chosen by the young shopkeeper, who, shutting his eyes to the expense, hires a gig for the day, and drives his lady-love to Harrow, Richmond, Totten-

ham, or some other favoured place, where they dine at an ordinary; and after walking about in the neighbourhood, return at six to ten, which is served with great dignity by the young lady, whose point of politeness is to thank the waiter separately for every service he performs. There is another class—patriarchal experienced men, knowing of the fact that simple and economical pleasures are often the best—who carry the whole of their family, and a friend or two besides, to Epping Forest in a taxed cart drawn by a tall bony horse, well known in the neighbourhood for the last dozen years, and generally supposed to possess unlimited powers of drawing. When this party has arrived at its destination, a large basket is unpacked, and a cloth spread on the ground, and they all fall upon the viands before them with hearty appetites and merry laughter, as safe from intruders as if they were in a balloon, although the place is within a very few miles of London. After dinner a fire is made with dry sticks, and a small kettle of water is put on, which serves the double purpose of preparing the old gentleman's toddy and making tea for the ladies; and in the meantime the young folks stroll about, arm in arm, gathering wild flowers, and the old folks sit down together and prose. Others, with their dinner in a handkerchief, repair to Hampton Court by means of a pleasure-van holding about two dozen persons, and for the trip there and back pay a shilling. The van is handsomely painted, the horses neatly harnessed, and the awning overhead protects the pleasers from the sun, admitting only the dust. In a very little while they are rumbled and tumbled into companionship. Perfect magazines of fun are these pleasure vans. Many an acquaintance begins in them which is destined to reach its climax at the altar, and only to terminate in the grave. These pleasers look down with a good-humoured superiority on mere pedestrians, and many are the jokes and repartees bandied between the two as they pass.

Well, as has been said, it is ten o'clock. The main streets that lead out of town are thronged with pleasure-seekers, and in the poor neighbourhoods the shops are open, and doing a great amount of business. Mrs Smith, having resisted for some time the demands of the children for a pie, to their great glee at length gives in, and hurries out for green rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, or apples, according to the season, though with many misgivings in her mind, when she considers the quantity of sugar that will be necessary to make them palatable. Good managers put off the buying of their Sunday joint to this moment, in the hope that the butcher will sell his meat a halfpenny a pound cheaper rather than keep it till the next day; but they meet with the fate of most very good managers, and are often obliged to put up now with what they would have rejected last night. Little boys, with their jackets off, carry earthen dishes containing shoulders of mutton, with potatoes under them, to the baker's, feeling all the way in a state of nervous trepidation lest they should meet with some strong and unscrupulous man who might not have such a dainty for his dinner. Behind comes a little girl who is intrusted with the pie, and who, on her return home, gives her mamma an account of what all the neighbours are going to have for dinner. It is astonishing how penetrating girls are, especially if they are the eldest in the family. Boys neither know nor care about anything that is not in some way or other connected with marbles or leap-frog, but we never knew a little girl who did not know the names of all the people in the street, and more of their affairs than could be gleaned from any other source.

The church-bells are now ringing, well-dressed people are walking along with a quiet and serious air, carrying prayer-books in their hands, and making Mrs Smith wish that she had done all her marketing on Saturday evening, so that she might not have been seen before she had 'cleaned' herself. The shops are all shut, and in a quarter of an hour the streets are comparatively empty. The cabmen, despairing of a fare for the next

two hours, collect in groups opposite the coach-stand, and regale themselves with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, the public-houses being rigidly closed until one o'clock; while in St Giles's and Seven Dials, Irishmen, dressed in blue coats with brass buttons, individually lean against posts, or, seated in rows on the kerb-stone, smoke in a state of apathy, occasionally addressing some monosyllabic observation to one another, which is answered with a grunt of assent.

It is one o'clock, and Mrs Smith is dressed, and nursing the baby; and Mr Smith, having finished his second pipe, and read the paper through, advertisements and all, and having been put into a state of patriotic dissatisfaction by the leading article, is indignant because he cannot think of anything to grumble at except the heat of the weather. The little Smiths are each of them seated on a chair, in order to preserve their muslin frocks and white trousers; but which, however, they are constantly leaving, in order to look if the people have come out of church, keeping their mother actively employed in resenting them. At last, however, the streets begin to fill as if by magic. The clock strikes one, and out the young Smiths rush to the baker's, without stopping for bonnets or hats. If they did not get there before anybody else, who knows that somebody might not make a mistake and take away their pie? Such things have happened before, and it is a remarkable fact that the person who makes the exchange has always the best of it. However, on this occasion it is all right. The pork is done well, and is encased in a coating of such delicious crackling; the potatoes are nicely brown, and soaking in fat; and as for the pie, it is the perfection of the baking art. It is a fine sight, too, to see the stout woman handing the dishes over the counter, and receiving the money with an air of cool unconcern, as if a gooseberry pie were an everyday occurrence, and a custard pudding a mere nothing; and it would be a surprising sight, too, to one who did not know that bakers live upon the steam of the good things intrusted in their hands. During the time the dinner has been sent for, Mr Smith with his own hands has brought a pot of porter from the public-house at the corner, stopping every minute to drink a mouthful lest it should spill. On reaching home, he finds that his wife has laid the cloth with scrupulous neatness, bringing out to advantage the imitation ebony cruet frame that they have had ever since their marriage, and the best knives and forks, which had been a present from mother. The cloth is laid, too, on their best table, a small, round, unsteady, and indeed somewhat dissipated-looking article, made of walnut tree. It is certainly rather a hard squeeze, but the other table will not do for Sunday; and Mrs Smith takes the youngest boy on her lap, and father one of the little girls, and thus they all manage, somehow or other, to get within reach of the dainties. We will not say anything about the dinner, farther than that it is treated in the style customary with Londoners, who consider it a Christian duty to eat as much as possible on Sunday; and it must be a good dinner too, even if they are upon short commons for the rest of the week to pay for it.

The dinner is over, the things are put away, and everybody is dressed, and anxious to go out. So Mr Smith goes for the children's 'shay' from the back-yard, and with some difficulty lugs it up the narrow steps, looking very red, and feeling very wrathful from his having whitened his best coat against the wall, and received a blow on the shins from the handle of the chaise. However, he cools down when three of the children are inserted in the vehicle, and the party at length set out, three other children walking behind with his wife and the baby, while he himself draws the chaise, wrapped up in the enjoyment of a new clay pipe at least half a yard long, which he had hid away till now over the clock, to be out of the reach of the juveniles. Through the streets they go, Mrs Smith screaming out every moment to the children to get out of the way of the carriages; and herself, by way of

setting a good example, running every now and then under the very heads of the horses, as is the custom with all timid ladies. They cross the New Road, down which crowds of people are making for Regent's Park, to sit down on benches or lie on the grass, or form a circle round one or other of the many lecturers who there hold forth gratuitously; and perhaps after that to make a pilgrimage to Primrose Hill, from the top of which they see the panorama of the mighty city spread before them, with St Paul's rising high in the midst.

Everything goes on pleasantly enough with our Smiths, who walk through Somers-Town, keeping on the shady side of the way; but it is quite a different affair when they get past Chalk Farm. The road here opens to the hot sun, and clouds of dust come darting down, then across and back again, like a playful kitten doing all the mischief it can out of pure fun. But the worst of it is the steep hill they have now to climb. Mr Smith tugs and toils away, now stopping to dry the perspiration from his brow, and now giving vent to his feelings by reproaches levelled at his wife. He knew all along what it would be. It always happens so every Sunday; and his pleasure must be spoiled for a whole day, because she would insist on bringing the children. It was too bad—that it was. Now, Mrs Smith possesses, as she herself affirms, the temper of a *lancelot*, but to hear the way John went on would exhaust the patience of Job. Wasn't it enough that she was wroth to death by the baby, but he must begin to talk about her bringing the children, just as if he didn't propose it himself. But that was the way she was always treated; he was never contented and sociable like other men. Why didn't he take pattern by cousin Mary's. But just as she has reached this point, they arrive at a public house, in which Mr Smith proposes that they should rest for a short time, and as his wife is perfectly agreeable, they walk in. After sitting for some little while over a pint, who should they see coming in but young Thompson and his wife, a very respectable couple indeed, he being a first-rate turner, making, it is said, at least two guineas a-week. After expressing their mutual surprise at meeting, they all sit down together, and the two men begin to talk politics, and the ladies domestics. Mrs Smith gives a complete history of the rise and progress of a hooping-cough with which little Johnny had been lately suffering, with an exposition of her particular mode of treatment, to all of which Mrs Thompson listens with great interest, and treasures it up in her mind, as she herself has a baby of two or three months old. Having rested for some time, they start in a body, and as there are now two men to draw the chaise, they go on pleasantly enough, and at length, after several stoppages, arrive at the very top of Hampstead Heath.

On the side of a declivity on the heath there are a great number of tables and forms laid out on the grass, on which some washerwomen, who inhabit the cottages close by, provide the social meal for all such as are willing to pay nippence a-head. To this spot our party repair, and after some discussion with an elderly female with regard to how many heads the young Smiths might be supposed to possess collectively, they sit down and take tea, remarking how very differently the beverage, as well as the bread and butter, tastes in the country. Even tea, however, will not stand more than three or four waterings at the most, and they at length get up and turn their faces homewards.

The heath is now rapidly becoming deserted, the only persons who seem inclined to remain being couples, who walk about slowly in the less frequented parts, and talk together in a low tone, and white gowns that are seen gliding like phantoms among the bushes, each with its Hamlet striving to muster courage to address it. The dusk of the evening is coming on, and the pleasure-seekers again return to the road, and now commences the least agreeable part of the day. From Hampstead to the New Road there is an almost solid line of human beings, some three miles long, enshrined in

a cloud of dust. Every person is thirsty, but the public-houses are all full; and even if they were not, there are very few who have not spent their money at Hampstead. Of that mass of human beings—indeed of the whole population of London, whether seen in church or in the streets on this day—it is worthy of remark, that there is not one who is not well and comfortably dressed. In this respect we differ from most continental cities. The same feeling of pride that makes the Londoner fare well on Sunday at the expense of the rest of the week, causes him to dress well, and if he cannot do so, he remains a prisoner in his house all day.

Down the hill come the multitude, their feet sore with walking, their heads aching with the heat of the sun, combined, in many cases, with the potatoes they have been imbibing, their clothes discoloured with the dust, and almost all of them either sulky, or venting their ill humour on their friends. Our party, who half an hour ago were in such good spirits, are now quite the reverse. Mr and Mrs Smith are engaged in a not very amicable discussion, and the children are either asleep or crying, and their mother endeavours to silence them by a distribution of boxes on the ear, which, strangely enough, seems to have quite an opposite effect. Those who can afford to ride are the only persons who enjoy themselves. One party comes tearing down the hill at full speed in a cab, making the women run screaming out of the way, and raising a cloud of dust that blinds everybody. Inside the conveyance are three couples, and three or four gentlemen are distributed on the available places on the roof, smoking cigars, and cutting jokes at the personal appearance of the passers-by. Just as the Smiths are entering London, the evening service of the churches is finished, and the different congregations come pouring out, neatly dressed, and with a quiet serious air. The Smiths, with dirty faces, dusty clothes, and screaming children, hang down their heads abashed, and sneak home as quickly and quietly as they can, and, quite worn out, go to bed with a mental resolution not to seek pleasure for the future in such a laborious manner. It is a curious fact, and one that shows how much better the pleasurable parts of past events are remembered than the disagreeable, that the Smiths, the very next Sunday, again go to the same place, spend the day in the same manner, and return with the same resolution, which is made only to be broken the next Sunday.

The streets in the meantime continue more or less crowded by the returning population till ten o'clock, when a sensible and remarkably sudden diminution in the numbers takes place. Almost all the families with children are by this time housed, and the warehousemen, shopmen, and shopwomen who live with their employers, disappear as the hour strikes, like so many apparitions. This abstracts at once the gayer part of the throng, including all the patent leather boots, gold (mosaic) headed canes, delicate coloured silk gowns, barege shawls, and pretty bonnets, and with these accessories most of the gentlemanlike figures and coquettish ankles which throughout the day had thrown a strong dash of gentility upon the motley assemblage. The great lines of thoroughfare become more and more empty towards eleven, and in the back streets, the neighbours who had congregated at the doors in little groups to talk over the events of the day, or to compensate themselves for having passed the Sunday at home by enjoying a look at the returning wanderers, vanish one by one into the interior of their domiciles. 'Good night' is heard on all sides, mingled with the shutting of doors, the shooting of bolts, and here and there with softer adieus. By midnight the signs of the holiday are over.

Such are but a few traits of a vast subject, the full treatment of which might fill volumes. Enough, however, must have been done even in these light paragraphs, to indicate the unsatisfactory nature of the tradesman and working-man's Sunday in London; that is, taking these classes generally, and acknowledging many exceptions. At best, a little amusement is ob-

tained, or a brief unbending from tasks which press at all other times. The higher needs of our nature are left entirely ungratified. It may not, I humbly think, be amiss, while congratulating ourselves on the success of the nation generally in the pursuit of wealth, to remember the immense expense in various ways to a vast portion of the people at which that success is secured.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE QUAIL.

In modern systems of ornithology, the quails, though bearing a striking resemblance to the partridge, are ranked as a distinct genus of the Tetraonidae or Grouse tribe. They differ from the partridge (*Perdix*) in being smaller, in having a more delicate beak, shorter tail, and no spur on the legs, and in having the first three quills of the wing longer, and consequently better adapted for flight. This last distinction is what might have been expected from a knowledge of the fact, that the partridge seldom takes long flights, while quails annually perform very distant migrations. The two genera also differ considerably in their habits: the latter never perch; they assemble in vast flocks instead of in limited coveys, and though they pair regularly, the male deserts the female as soon as she begins to sit, nor afterwards assists in protecting the brood; whereas the conjugal attachment and parental care of the partridge continues undiminished long after the young can provide for themselves. From these and other minor differences, ornithologists have arranged the quails under a distinct genus (*Coturnix*); and as the species inhabiting the old world differ in various points from those found in America, the latter have been separated into a sub-genus (*Ortyx*), comprehending several species, among which are the well-known Virginian quail and the crested ortyx of California. It is chiefly, however, to the quails of the old world—to their peculiar characters and habits—that we mean to direct attention in the following sketch.

The quail is more or less numerously distributed over every country in Europe, Asia, Africa, and New Holland. The European or common species (*Coturnix doctylisomans*) is a plump little bird, about half the size of a partridge, and remarkable for the juicy and delicate flavour of its flesh. It has the crown of the head and neck blackish; over each eye there is a yellowish streak, and another down the forehead; the plumage is a mixture of blackish-brown, with a slight fawn tinge at the base and tip. In the female the tints are considerably paler. From this description, it will be seen that the plumage is less brilliant and not so beautifully marked as that of the partridge, nor has the quail the bald space between the eyes, nor the figure of the horse-shoe on the breast, which characterise the latter bird; but in other respects—in shape and gait—there is sufficient resemblance to justify the once popular appellation of the *dwarf partridge*. The food of the quail is chiefly grain, seeds, and herbage, though it is by no means averse to insects, algae, or worms. Like the rest of the tribe to which it belongs, it prefers the open field, taking shelter amid the long grass, and seldom or never retreating to the covert of furze or under-wood. It usually sleeps during the day, not like the partridge on some sunny or dusty bank, but concealed among the herbage, lying on its side with its legs indolently extended, even for hours together. In this state it is not easily flushed, and will suffer itself to be run over by a dog before it is forced to the wing. The great amount of rest and shade which it enjoys, renders it uniformly plump and in good condition; even at mid-winter we have seen specimens bagged in Scotland weighing from three-quarters of a pound to a pound, and having a subcutaneous layer of fat nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Quails are, by some naturalists, said to be polygamous; but this we are inclined to doubt, having found those

which frequent Britain always in pairs, at least during the earlier part of the breeding season. The female lays from eight to fourteen eggs of an oil-green colour, dashed with rugged, rust-coloured spots, and occupies about three weeks in the incubation. On being hatched, the young are instantly led forth, and disperse so soon as they are able to shift for themselves, which is seldom longer than eight days. They are rarely found in flocks (covey is the term applied to a family of partridges), and only become gregarious when impelled by the annually returning instinct of migration. They then assemble in myriads, and traverse together seas and deserts, holding their course to those countries where harvest is preparing, in order to obtain their necessary subsistence. The quail, like the cuckoo and other birds which migrate with the seasonal influences which prepare their food, have been often charged with a want of parental affection; but as there can be nothing causeless or incomplete in the system of nature, we should rather pause than blindly and hastily condemn. Were the cuckoo, for example, in her northward migrations always (for she sometimes does it) to tarry and hatch her own young, her proper food would have departed, and both she and her brood left to starvation; but dropping her eggs by degrees as she travels northwards, the foster-mothers rear the young, which are ready to be taken up, as it were, by their natural mother on her southward return. So it is with the quails: a short incubation, and a hasty maternal care, is all that the seasonal influences which govern their migration will admit of. It is stated, too, by many ornithologists, that the males are more numerous than the females. This, so far as can be judged from the British immigrants, is not correct. The sexes are apparently on an equality in numbers; only the males, being of a roving disposition, come more frequently under notice of the observer. Like all animals which rapidly multiply their numbers, the average life of the quail is short, rarely exceeding five years; never, it is said, seven.

Of birds of passage, the quail is perhaps the most imperfectly adapted for flight; hence the reports of its having been seen crossing extensive tracts of the ocean are questioned by many authors. Be this as it may, the fact of their migration is indubitable, and has been noticed from time immemorial. 'When we sailed from Rhodes to Alexandria,' says Bellonius, 'about autumn, many quails, flying from the north to the south, were taken in our ship; and sailing at spring-time the contrary way, from the south to the north, I observed them on their return, when many of them were taken in the same manner.*' What is here mentioned has been observed by many others, though we are inclined to believe that where an ordinary supply of food can be obtained, the quail is by no means given to long journeyings. In Britain, for example, they often merely leave the inland counties, and migrate to the downs and sandy links which border upon parts of the sea-coast, and in such sheltered and warm districts pass the winter. In general terms, it may be stated of the quail that it is a bird of passage, arriving in latitudes the same as our own about the middle of May, and returning southward in the month of September. In Britain it is comparatively a rare bird, and we must therefore look to France, the countries bordering the Mediterranean, to Asia-Minor, and to China, for its true habits; and in all these countries its migrations from south to north, or from the sea-coast to the interior in spring—and from north to south, or from inland to the sea-coast in winter—are regular and familiar occurrences. On their passage they fly during the night or early morning, and rest according to their usual habit throughout the day, when they are easily captured. As proof of their nocturnal flight, it is observed by Pliny 'that they alight in such numbers on ships (while the sailors

* Pliny relates with great gravity that quails 'ballast themselves in their sea-voyages by carrying stones in their feet or sand in their craw,' as if they were not gifted with sufficient bodily weight, without having recourse to such an ingenious expedient.

are asleep), by their settling on the masts, sails, &c. as to bear down barks and small craft, and finally to sink them; and on that account seamen have a great dread of them when they approach near land.' So unerring is their instinctive knowledge of the precise time for migration, that they retain it even though reared and kept in bondage. We have a very singular proof of this recorded by the Rev. Mr Daniel in his *Rural Sports*, in some young quails which, having been bred in cages from the earliest period of their lives, had never enjoyed, and therefore could not feel, the loss of liberty. 'For four successive years,' says he, 'they were observed to be restless, and to flutter with unusual agitations regularly in September and April; and this uneasiness lasted for thirty days at each time. The birds passed the whole night in these fruitless struggles; and always on the following day appeared dejected and stupid.'

Dull as the prisoned eagle seems,
His spirit still soars wild and free;
His eye is sunward—still he dreams
Of beetling cliff and boundless sea.

Fetter his talons, clip his wing—
Let him in lonely darkness pine—
Call him a mean and abject thing—
His thoughts are all unchained as thine.

Quails, according to Mr Daniel, are seen in immense flocks traversing the Mediterranean from Italy to the shores of Africa, and returning again in the spring, frequently alighting on the islands of the Archipelago, which they almost cover with their numbers. Ortygia was named from them; and so abundant are they on Capri, that the principal revenues of the bishop and some convents arise from the quails they send to Naples. At their arrival in Alexandria, such multitudes are exposed in the markets, that three or four may be bought for a halfpenny. Crews of merchant vessels have been fed upon them; and complaints have been laid at the consul's office by mariners against their captains for giving nothing but quails to eat—so much does over-abundance depreciate the greatest delicacies. The author of *Letters from the Campagna Felice* relates the following anecdote, which also illustrates how incredibly abundant quails sometimes are on this part of the Mediterranean coast:—'During the time that the Capitani Bey blockaded the harbour of Alexandria with his Turkish squadron, one of the Greek sailors of his ship had caught two or three quails which had perched on the rigging. The Mussulman rewarded him generously; and desirous of varying the hard fare which a blockading squadron has occasionally to sustain, by a more ample supply of such a delicate rarity, promised a piastre for every bird that should be brought him. In a few days the rigging, sails, and yards were covered with flocks of quails; great numbers were caught, of course, and every one was brought into the cabin, as the price was liberally fixed. To escape the dilemma of either ruining his purse or breaking his promise, the bey resorted to the alternative of standing out to sea, as by removing from the coast he got rid of the visits of these expensive strangers.' Such prodigious numbers also appear on the western coasts of the kingdom of Naples, that a hundred thousand have in one day been caught within the space of three or four miles. Most of these are taken to Rome, where they are in great request, and sold for extremely high prices. Galt, in his travels through Sicily, thus describes the fervour and excitement of the quail season:—'In the month of September vast flocks of quails come over from the continent to Sicily, and being fatigued by their flight, are easily shot on their arrival. The pleasure which the inhabitants of Palermo take in this sport is incredible. Crowds of all ages and degrees assemble on the shores, and the number of sportsmen is prodigious. In one group I reckoned eleven, and in less than half a mile thirty-four groups, each consisting of from two to five persons, with as many dogs. The number of boats is perhaps greater than those on the land. From morning to night they watch the appearance of the birds; the aquatics first seeing them, their

firing rouses and gives signal to the landmen: then enviable is the lot of the apprentice who, with a borrowed old musket or pistol—no matter how unsafe—has gained possession of the farthest accessible rock, where there is but room for himself and dog, which he had fed with bread only all the year round for these delightful days, and which sits in as happy expectation as himself for the coming of the quails.'

Clouds of quails also alight in spring along the coast of Provence, especially in the lands belonging to the Bishop of Frejus, which border on the sea. Here they are sometimes found so exhausted, that for a few of the first days they may be caught with the hand. In some parts of the south of Russia they abound so greatly at the time of their migration, that they are caught in thousands, and sent in casks to Moscow and St Petersburg. 'It is highly probable,' continues Mr Daniel, 'that quails are the same kind of bird which Providence gave to the murmuring Israelites as food in the wilderness, and which were "rained" (beat down by storm) on their passage to the north by a wind from the south-west, sweeping over Egypt and Ethiopia towards the shores of the Red Sea—in a word, over the countries where these birds are still the most abundant.' Should this be the case, as there is every reason to suppose, then, as a distinguished naturalist observes, we have proof of the perpetuation of an instinct (migration) through upwards of 3000 years.

Though scantily scattered over Britain, the metropolis imports from France great quantities of these birds for the table. They are conveyed by stage-coaches, about a hundred in a square box, which is divided into five or six compartments, one above another, just high enough to admit the quails to stand upright. Were they allowed a greater height than this, they would soon kill themselves; and even with this precaution, the feathers are generally beaten off the crown of their heads. These boxes have wire in front, and each partition is furnished with a small trough for food. They may be forwarded in this manner without difficulty to great distances. Though highly esteemed by the moderns, quails were in no great repute among some of the ancients. The Athenians, according to Pliny, rejected them because they were said to feed upon hemlock, and because they were the only animals besides man that were subject to epilepsy. We are not aware how long the Athenians continued in this mind; but certainly it said little for the luxury and good taste of which they boasted, to have discarded from their tables one of nature's most savoury tit-bits.

Quails are the most undaunted of the tribe to which they belong. Partridges have been known to fall down of sheer fright when forced to cross a narrow creek of the sea; the quail, on the other hand, performs his migratory journeyings with fearless bravery. As they are courageous, so they are equally quarrelsome, especially during the love season, when their contentions often terminate in mutual destruction. This disposition, from which arose the Greek adage, 'As quarrelsome as quails in a cage,' induced the ancients to fight them with each other as the moderns do game cocks; the conqueror enjoying quite as much celebrity of its kind as the winner of the Derby. Indeed, it is told of Augustus that he punished a prefect of Egypt even with death for buying and bringing to his table one of these birds which had acquired great fame on account of its victories. Sometimes, according to Daniel, these combats were performed between a quail and a man; the quail was put into a large box, and set in the middle of a circle traced on the floor; the man struck it on the head with one finger, or plucked some feathers from it: if the quail, in defending itself, did not pass the limits of the circle, its master won the wager; but if, in its fury, it transgressed the bounds, then its worthy antagonist was declared victor. The fighting of trained quails is still fashionable in China, where heavy bets are laid on the heads of the respective combatants. The mode of conducting these battles, which are often the exciting

topic of a village, is to pit two highly-fed quails against each other, and to throw a few grains of seed between them: the birds rush upon each other with the utmost fury, striking with their bills and heels until one of them yields. The Chinese, from a notion that the body of the quail is unusually hot ('Warm as a quail' is a French proverb), use it for warming their hands in cold weather—an application which is frequently delineated in Chinese paintings.

Strange as it may seem to some, the song of quails has been long noted among their attractive qualities. It is noticed by Athenæus; and Dr Bechstein, in his *Natural History of Cage Birds*, reckons, besides the beauty of its form and plumage, the song of the quail as no slight recommendation to the amateur. He states that in the breeding season the song of the male commences by softly repeating tones resembling 'verra, verra,' followed by 'piorie,' uttered in a bold tone, with the neck raised, the eyes shut, and the head inclined on one side. Those that repeat the last syllables ten or twelve times consecutively are the most esteemed. The song of the female only consists of 'verra, verra,' 'pupa, pupa,' the two last syllables being those by which the male and the female attract each other's attention. When alarmed or angry, their cry resembles 'guillah,' but at other times it is only a gently purring murmur. The quail never sings when left to run about in a light room, except during the night, but continually when in a darkened cage; so firmly rooted are its nocturnal instincts.

COMPETITION OF HIGHLAND PIPERS.

CHARACTERISTIC national festivals are unknown in England, because the people have been too long redeemed from a primitive style of life and manners, to possess any peculiarities on which such festivals could be founded. It is different with other parts of the United Kingdom. The harp music of Wales supplies occasion for the well-known periodical meeting called the Cymryddion, where the flower of the principality duly assemble to listen to the impassioned strains of their national minstrels. Celtic Scotland has its numerous local fêtes for athletic exercises, and one triennial competition in Edinburgh, where the ancient national pipe-music and dances are presented. Ireland, as far as we are aware, has no such meetings. There more serious matters unhappily engross the attention which men have to spare from the ordinary avocations of life. But the means amply exist, and we hope yet to see the time when happy and harmonious assemblages of all classes will listen with delight to the brass-stringed harp and sweet-toned bagpipe of ancient Erin, instruments (the first especially) which it would be shameful for any nation to have once possessed, and afterwards allowed to go into disuse and oblivion.

We feel that it would be vain to attempt to convey to an Englishman any sense of the class of feelings which are evoked in a Scottish bosom by the things which appeal to the eye and ear as national. It is one affection the more—an additional string which the Scottish heart possesses in comparison with their more affluent neighbours, and which goes far, to say the least of it, to compensate for the disadvantages of a provincial situation and an unkindly soil and climate. Some faint idea may perhaps be formed of the fervour and poignancy of these feelings from the pages of Burns—as where he tells that, meeting the thistle while dressing his fields, he

—turned the weeding-hook aside,
And spared the symbol dear!

or where he exclaims—

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
Oft have our fearless fathers stood
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

It is the unavoidable effect of civilisation to obliterate such feelings; but this is not because they are inconsistent in any way with civilisation. If entertained as part of the mere poetry of the mind, and without the accompaniment of prejudice or narrowness of spirit, they do much good, without doing any conceivable harm.

The triennial competition of pipers in Edinburgh is one of those occasions when national feelings come into prominence, and receive gratification. Not that it is an affair in which any large portion of the public take a deep interest. As a nation, we are rapidly becoming mercantile and Anglicised, and it is only a portion of us, and these chiefly connected with the Highlands, whose attention is liable to be particularly attracted by this festival. It takes place under the patronage of the Highland Society of London, and has for its sole object the preservation of some trace of the ancient manners and music of the northern part of our island, as a monument of national features, which as such do not any longer exist. Let it here be observed that the dress and musical instruments now peculiar to the Scottish Highlands were once common to all Europe. They have only been preserved there, by virtue of the remoteness of the situation and long unaltered condition of the people. There is thus a general interest attached to both, as memorials of a state of things everywhere else passed long into oblivion. The Roman military dress was a modification of the early Celtic habiliments which now only survive in the north of our island, and Nero, when he apprehended danger from the last rebellion against him, vowed to the gods, if he survived, to play upon the bagpipe in public. The same instrument is still a favourite with the peasantry of Calabria, and we learn from Shakspeare that it prevailed both in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The men who come forward at the Edinburgh competition, seldom less than thirty in number, are chiefly men retained in service as bagpipers by Highland gentlemen; for, whether from love of state or in veneration for ancient fashions, the piper is still a regular officer in a few northern households. Others are pipers retired from Highland regiments, or amateurs. For a few days before the competition, the appearance of these men in the streets, with their dashing dress and accoutrements, and generally manly and graceful figures, produces a striking effect.

The performances had been proceeding during the half hour after noon,* when with some difficulty we made our way into the theatre, where they usually take place. We found the house, which was densely filled in every part, exhibiting its ordinary appearance in all respects, except that the stage presented only the side scenes, and had a large window open behind, through which the unwonted addition of fresh air and daylight was admitted. Amongst the side scenes, and at the back wall, stood groups of competitors and others in the Highland dress. In the stage-box of the left side sat the judges, also in Highland costume, with a table before them loaded with the prizes, amongst which were a set of bagpipes, a broadsword, dirk, powder-horn, purse, snuff-mill, and certain pieces of tartan cloth. The two tiers of boxes were filled with a fashionable-looking audience—of course in morning dresses; and the pit and other parts of the house had a superior set of occupants to what are now generally seen in such parts of theatres. As in all forenoon assemblages, the ladies predominated in number, at least in the boxes; and it was interesting to observe a larger proportion than usual of the aged. Several gentlemen in the boxes had evidently seen more than eighty summers. In the galleries, of which we from our situation commanded a close view, it was amusing to observe a multitude of hard-favoured Celtic faces—porters, servants, and others—all full of the keenest excitement, some probably from having friends among the competitors, the rest from the

* The competition took place this year on the 10th July.

mere interest which they felt in the temporary éclat thrown upon their national usages. Often afterwards did we turn during the more exciting scenes of the competition to these honest faces, to mark the symptoms of unrestrained feeling which glowed upon them.

The first part of the exhibition presented to our notice was a *sword-dance*, a performance, as far as we are aware, peculiar to the Highlands. A pair of broadswords was laid down in cross fashion upon the stage, and a single Highlander approached. A piper then began to play the lively tune of the *Gillie Callum* (the Boy Malcolm), whereupon the dancer commenced a circular pas-seul around the swords. The dress of this man was extremely handsome—a full Highland suit, with massive silver ornaments, including shoe-buckles; and nothing could exceed the gracefulness of his movements. After footing it away for some time at a little distance from the two blades, he approached, and began to plant his steps on each side of one of them, first on one, then on the other, then from side to side, always retiring to resume the circular movement at the conclusion of the parts of the tune. By and by this movement became more complicated, and he stepped with ease from opposite angles of the cross spaces, and in all various directions from space to space, obeying the time of the music with precision, and never once touching either of the swords—a negative point of excellence, on which the success of the performance is held mainly to depend. It may readily be supposed how a little training might enable a performer to dance his way forwards amongst the spaces formed by the swords; but not only to do this, but to make the same movement backwards, when it was impossible to see his way, and upon his heels as well as his toes, will be acknowledged as no small feat. A repetition of these movements in every possible variety, mixed with circular movements, constitutes the sword-dance, the whole character of which is calculated to lead the mind back into early and romantic times. It was impossible not to behold with pleasure the unflinching dexterity of the performer, even without regard to ancient associations; but when these also were taken into account, the sword-dance became a gratification of the richest kind. At a subsequent part of the morning several other performers came forward to exhibit in similar dances, and when one of these 'pretty men' chanced, near the conclusion of the performance, to touch the hilt of one of the swords, he instantly broke off with a gesture of extreme vexation, and rushed mortified off the stage. We can imagine that the incident will be one for him to remember all the remainder of his life.

After the first sword-dance, a performer on the bagpipe was presented; and here we must say that the usual objection to the Highland pipe, on the score of its vociferousness, was never felt. Played by these first-rate artists, there was nothing at all unpleasant in its sounds. The pipers are all in full costume—kilt, plaid, jacket, and hose; most of them with a jewelled dirk and powder-horn by their side, and a jewelled case containing a knife and fork stuck in the garter under one knee; also a resplendent brooch confining the plaid at the shoulder. Each wears the tartan of his master's clan, on the same principle as a soldier wears the king's livery. The peaked bonnet is the only undistinguished part of the costume. When one of this proud fraternity (for pipers are proud to a proverb) advances slowly and stately with his pipes in his arms, and the port vent in his mouth, he really makes an imposing appearance. As he plays, he parades slowly from side to side of the stage, thus imitating the fashion of his daily life, as he performs upon his master's lawn, or behind his dinner-table. The tunes played on this occasion were mostly laments and salutes, the first being a slow and melancholy kind of tune, designed to commemorate deceased chiefs; the second a livelier measure, intended to do honour to the living. We had, for instance, the Prince's Salute (in the Highlands there is but one prince, the unfortunate Charles Edward), Macnab's Salute;

also Macintosh's Lament, the Viscount of Dundee's Lament, &c. Some of the laments struck us as tedious, being prolonged, we thought, unnecessarily. Still, the performance was generally good. We are here called upon to remember, that to Highland hearers most of the tunes have a charm apart from the music. Highland airs of all kinds have generally been composed on particular occasions of an interesting nature, which have been remembered traditionally, or for the purpose of conveying a particular class of feelings, the character of which is fully known. One, for example, is designed to express, in its varying measure, the succession of feelings in the mind of an Ardnamurchan peasant, while toiling on his ground in an unpropitious season, and hesitating whether to emigrate, or attempt to pay his landlord the triple rent which a rival had offered for it. Another is the dirge composed by the family piper on a chief who fell at Sherifmuir. A third commemorates the arrival of the wandering prince at a farmhouse in Skye, when one of his followers was sent forward to ascertain if he was likely to find friends there: the tune expresses to a Highland ear the first hesitating, half-whispered questions of the messenger, then his confidence as he finds the goodwife favourable, and finally the composed state of feeling which follows the success of his negotiation. There are tunes even more curiously connected with events—as an example, one which a piper of a clan Campbell composed and played under the following circumstances. Alister Macdonald, the fierce lieutenant of Montrose, was with a party approaching the castle of a gentleman of that clan, designing to take it by surprise. He and his friends were in a boat, and they made their approach by a lake, on the brink of which the castle was situated. It was the wish of Macdonald that he and his people, if seen at all, should if possible pass for a party of friends. Having taken a piper of the Campbells with them, they ordered him, when they saw they were observed, to play the family tune, in order to support the deception; but the man composed and played, instead, a tune so expressive of the danger in which the castle stood at that moment, that the people caught the alarm, shut the gates, and stood to the defensive. The assailants, then seeing that the piper had proved a treacherous ally, stabbed him and threw him into the lake, after which they proceeded to make the attack upon the castle. It may be added that the man got ashore, recovered, and lived long after. Eloquent as the Highland tunes thus are in their associations, it is not wonderful that they produce more delightful sensations in a Celtic than in a Saxon breast.

After every second performance on the pipes there was a dance, either by a single Highlander, or a quartette. The Highland single dance, though of unknown antiquity, brings the spectator much in mind of ballet dancing. It does not indeed comprehend any of those sweeping presentations of the sole of the foot, in the fashion of a swivel gun, which the *maitre de la danse* now deems essential to please a theatrical audience. Lofty leaps in the air, with sixteen heel-kicks before again touching the ground, and a few other ballet peculiarities, are also unknown among the Gael. But in the Highland single dance, the performer makes first a series of slow and curvilinear movements, exactly like the theatrical dancers, and evidently with the same object, that of exhibiting his person and dress to the utmost advantage. He then performs a number of steps which are hardly less striking in their character than many of those indulged in by professional dancers. A great deal is done upon one foot, while the other goes through a series of lively movements in the air; this last feature being, we believe, what is called the *fling*. Vigour, elegance, and vivacity are the characteristics of this dance; and where the performer is a tall handsome man in a splendid ornamental dress, as was the case here, the effect is extremely beautiful. The foursome-dance is the well-known reel, for which the Highland musicians have a

vast variety of tunes. The reel is the national dance wherever numbers are concerned, as the quadrille is that of the Germans. It is, we need hardly say, an extremely quick measure, presupposing high spirits in the performers, and tending to exhilarate all who behold it. A large party in the Highlands will even yet dance reels for half the night to the strains of the violin or pipe; nor ever once acknowledge fatigue. The reels danced on this occasion were all done in first-rate style by men who might be considered as picked for the purpose. We found it quite impossible to resist being carried away in some degree by the contagious enthusiasm which they spread around them. The ladies in the boxes—we hope we are not taking an unwarrantable liberty, but we believe they would have much rather joined in the dance than sat still where they were. As for the gallery folks, they sat with hands clasped and thrust forward, and their whole souls in their eyes and faces, as if enchanted by what was passing before them. Every now and then, the wild *hoogh!* appropriate to the reel on more domestic occasions, broke forth as by an irrepressible escape. Thus it was it became most fully impressed with the idea of the special national character of the whole exhibition. We were carried into the early homes of these simple people, where the customs of a thousand years are yet freshly preserved. We sympathised in their innocent pleasures, and the religion which they make of all that pictures the past. Often, both now and at other times, we felt the breast swell with emotion, and the eye well with tears—a tribute which, alas! we are rarely able now-a-days to pay to theatrical performances more expressly designed to work upon the feelings.

When the programme of the day had been exhausted, the judges finished the proceedings by distributing the prizes. Donald Cameron, piper to Sir J. R. Mackenzie of Scatwell, was pronounced the best player on his instrument, and received the principal prize, a full-mounted set of bagpipes. Kenneth MacLennan received a sporrán (Highland purse) as the best performer of the sword-dance. Other prizes for piping and dancing, and also for correct costume, were presented, to the amount of nineteen in all, and the money collected for admission into the house was divided among the competitors. The meeting then broke up, after a sitting of between five and six hours, during which—such was the enthusiasm of the occasion—we could observe nowhere any symptom of fatigue.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

AT the foot of an obscure alley in the Old Town of Newcastle, was born one of the most eminent lawyers that this age has seen—John Scott, Earl of Eldon, High Chancellor of England. His father was a coal-fitter; that is, a sort of middle man between the lessee of a coal-pit and the shipper of coals. His house and coal-yard were conveniently situated near the Tyne, at the bottom of what in Scotland is called a 'wynd,' in Shropshire a 'shut,' in Middlesex a 'court,' and in Newcastle a 'chare.' Of late years Lord Eldon's birthplace has been dignified by the title of Love Lane. Here Mr and Mrs Scott resided during the Scottish Rebellion of 1745, in the September of which year the neighbourhood was so much alarmed by the progress of the insurgents, that the lady was removed to her father's house at Heworth, an adjacent village. Here their eldest son (William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell) was born amidst general terror. Newcastle being about to be invested by the Highlanders, all egress from it was forbidden by the magistrates, and the accoucheur had to scale the wall at the 'chare-foot,'

and to be conveyed to his patient on the river in a boat. In after-years this worthy couple were blessed with a family of thirteen children, though only three sons and a daughter survived infancy.

John Scott, the subject of this memoir, was the second son, having been born on the fourth of June 1751. He, along with his brothers, received the rudiments of education at the Newcastle grammar-school, then conducted by the Rev. Hugh Moises. The arithmetical department was superintended by no less a person than the afterwards celebrated mathematician William Hutton. Here John Scott's application gave him a highly satisfactory progress in classical and mathematical knowledge. He was, however, a sad scapegrace. 'No boy,' he once told his niece, 'was ever so much thrashed as he was.' One of his exploits was to steal with a companion 'down the Side, and along the Sand-Hill, and creeping into every shop, where we blew out the candles. We crept along the counter, then popped our heads up, out went the candles, and away went we. We escaped detection.' But his favourite diversion was apple-stealing. 'I do not know how it was,' he owns in his anecdote book, 'but we always considered robbing an orchard as an honourable exploit. I remember once being carried before a magistrate for robbing an orchard—"boxing the fox," as we called it. There were three of us, Hewet Johnson, another boy, and myself. The magistrate acted upon what I think was rather curious law, for he fined our fathers each 30s. for our offence. We did not care for that, but then they did; so my father flogged me, then sent a message to Moises, and Moises flogged me again. We were very good boys, very good indeed; we never did anything worse than a robbery.'

An event occurred in 1760 which exercised an important influence over this 'very good boy's' future career. His elder brother William, now fifteen years old, had displayed talents at school which his master characterised as extraordinary. Mr Moises was therefore much concerned when the father expressed an intention to apprentice the promising scholar to his own trade. To prevent so great a sacrifice, the schoolmaster explained that, firstly, William Scott would assuredly make a good figure in any of the learned professions; and, secondly, that he was entitled to become a competitor for one of a certain number of scholarships, founded at the university of Oxford, for natives of the bishopric of Durham. His mother's flight to Heworth had made William a native of the see, that village being situated in the county palatine. The suggestion was adopted; he competed for the scholarship, and gained it. Once at Oxford, he soon distinguished himself, and before his brother John was old enough to leave the grammar-school, had become a fellow and tutor of his college. The consequence was, that, in May 1766, John Scott set out for Oxford, where he was to study under the auspices and tutorship of William.

In his journey to the university, a circumstance occurred which had a direct influence over his future temperament and career. When he became chancellor, Lord Eldon was remarkable for the slow caution with which he formed his judgments, but they were consequently always sound. 'Delays in Chancery' was a common cry while he presided over the court. Respecting this peculiarity and his early journey from New-

* The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, including his Correspondence and Selections from The Anecdote Book, written by himself. By Horace Twiss, Esq. one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

castle to his Alma Mater, the traveller himself gave in after-years the following memorial:—"I came up from Newcastle in a coach then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning, or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words *Sat cito, si sat bene* (quick enough, if well enough)—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. A Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, "Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?" "No." "Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence now is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*." After I got to town, my brother met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between chairmen. Our sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school—*Sat cito, si sat bene*. It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative; and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking *sat cito, si sat bene*, I may not have sufficiently recollected *sat bene, si sat cito*."

When William Scott received his brother to introduce him to the university, he was quite ashamed of his boyish appearance. John was, indeed, only fifteen years old. But soon after he had entered as a fellow-commoner, he showed himself so well prepared with a variety of classical and general information, that he had not been a year at college before he stood for and won a fellowship open to natives of Northumberland. While an under-graduate, John had a narrow escape of his life. He was skating on Christ-church meadow, and venturing on a portion of it but weakly frozen, fell into a ditch, deep enough to allow him to sink to the neck. "When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar and oozing from the stockings, a brandy-vender shuffled towards him and recommended a glass of something warm, upon which Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Granville, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer, "None of your brandy for that wet young man; he never drinks but when he is dry." Thus it appears that the embryo chancellor did not solely occupy his time with study, but partook of the pastimes usually attributed to college students. He gained a sporting character; and owned on one occasion, late in life, in the House of Lords to Lord Abingdon (who had made some motion concerning the game laws), that no one had poached more on that noble family's preserves (which were close to Oxford) than he had while at college. He had, too, his idle as well as his sporting hours; for, on his brother being asked if John were a

good shot, gravely replied, "I believe he kills a good deal of—time."

After taking his degree, however, the younger Scott directed his attention to more serious matters, intending to enter the church; but an accident, which has altered the destiny of thousands, effectually changed his views—he fell in love. Spending a long vacation with his family, he happened to visit Sedgefield, at some distance from Newcastle, and in the church of that village saw Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a rich banker. Smitten with her beauty, he made her acquaintance—wooed, and won her. The rest of the story is romantic. The Newcastle banker disapproved of the match, and—good easy man—unwisely sent his daughter to Henley on Thames; a long way from Newcastle, it is true, but an easy ride from the university. As may be supposed, interviews were effected, and vows exchanged, during the succeeding Oxford term. Thus affairs rested till the vacation of the following summer, which Mr John as usual spent at Newcastle, whither Miss Surtees had also returned. Here he learned to his consternation that he had a rival in a rich widower, whose pretensions were supported by the lady's father. This brought things to a crisis: seeing that the case was desperate, he proposed a desperate remedy; the damsel was nothing loath; and in accordance with her 'sweet consent,' Mr John Scott made his appearance on a dark September night in 1772 under the lady's chamber, duly equipped with a ladder and postchaise in waiting. The lady trusted herself to the ladder and to her lover's arms, and the adventurous pair had crossed the Scottish border before they were missed. They were married—not at Gretna by a blacksmith, but more becomingly at Blackshiels by an Episcopal minister. They immediately returned southwards to Morpeth, where they remained for a day or two.

When their evasion was discovered at Newcastle, great was the consternation of the banker; not less the wrath of the coal-fitter. In the course of two days, however, the latter melted, and when the fugitives awoke on the third morning at the Nag's Head in Morpeth, the first object that met their eyes was a familiar one—the favourite dog of the bridegroom's younger brother Henry, who soon appeared in search of them, charged with an invitation to Love Lane, and thither the hero and heroine accordingly repaired. Mr Surtees, on learning where the culprits had been so speedily sheltered, declared that all the Scotts had been accomplices in the abduction, and would listen to no explanation. After a time, however, he relented, and gave not only his forgiveness, but a fortune to his daughter of one thousand pounds, Mr Scott, senior, contributing twice that sum to the joint matrimonial stock. It is evident that throughout this affair John Scott lost sight of his favourite motto. He married 'quick enough,' but not 'well enough' to silence the scruples of the parents, at whose desire the couple were re-wedded at Newcastle in open church, and in presence of both families. They then set off for Oxford.

Mr Scott's marriage destroyed his ecclesiastical prospects, which consisted in the chance of some living in the gift of University College falling vacant, and which he as a fellow would, on taking orders, have obtained. Unfortunately, a relic of monastic law, still existing, enforces celibacy. The senate, however, kindly afford a year of grace, and do not require a resignation of the fellowship till that period after marriage, during which Scott had still the chance of a living falling in. Yet with commendable foresight he determined not to trust to that alone, and entered himself as a student-at-law in the Middle Temple, London, though without leaving Oxford. To eke out his limited income, he assisted his brother in his duties as tutor, and Mr, afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, Master of New Inn Hall, and Vinerian Professor of Law, made Scott his deputy in the latter office, in which his employment consisted in reading the principal's manuscript lectures. Strange to say, the first he had to deliver appeared forcibly to one of

his past experiences; it treated of the *Abduction of Maidens*. In this way the twelvemonth passed; no living lapsed; Scott could no longer hold his fellowship, and he then devoted all his energies to the study of the law.

He did not finally leave Oxford till 1775, when he removed to a small house in Cursitor Street, London. Here it was that he laid the foundation of that vast fund of legal knowledge for which he afterwards stood unequalled. His application was unceasing; he rose at four every morning, and when reading at night, bound a wet towel round his head to keep himself awake. He mastered Coke upon *Lytleton* so thoroughly, that that legal text-book became a part of his mind, and as he could not afford to fee a special pleader for instructing him, he copied out with his own hand three folio volumes from a manuscript collection of precedents. These labours told upon his health; but he did not shrink from them; and in answering the expostulations of a college friend, he wrote in reference to his wife—"How despicable should I feel myself to be, if, after persuading such a creature to take an imprudent step for my sake, I could think any labour too much to be undergone cheerfully for hers."

The year 1776 was an important one to Scott. In January he was called to the bar, and in the November following his father died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to William Scott, and a thousand pounds to John, in addition to the marriage gift.

Like many other aspirants to forensic honours, the young barrister thought that now he was admitted to the bar, his fortune was made. Eleven months of brilliancy, however, convinced him of the contrary. By the end of the twelfth month his professional profits amounted to nine shillings sterling—arising from a half-guinea motion, eightpence having been paid in fees. An instructive lesson of patience and perseverance, amidst hopes constantly deferred, is to be learned from the fact, that Scott assiduously studied, attended the London courts in term time, and the northern circuit during the assizes, for four years after his call to the bar, with little more annual practice than his first year brought him. Even in his native town he seldom had other than pauper cases to defend.

The following instance of conclusive circumstantial evidence came to light in a case in which he was employed on circuit: in later years he related it to one of his daughters in these words:—"I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun-shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged."

Scott plodded on till the year 1780, when a case in which he was retained brought him into notice. He had urged a point against the wishes of the attorney and client who employed him; and the Master of the Rolls decided against him. On an appeal to the House of Lords, Lord Thurlow reversed the decision on the very point Scott had mooted. As he was leaving the house, a respectable solicitor tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Young man, your bread and butter's cut for life." The prophecy was a faithful one; for as soon as a counsel obtains the confidence of the 'profession,' his rise is as certain as his previous obscurity was hopeless. Lord Mansfield used to say that he knew no interval between no business and £3000 a-year; and Scott might have told the same story; for so rapid was his progress, that in 1783, when only thirty-

two, he was appointed a king's counsel, was at the head of the northern circuit, and sat in parliament for the borough of Weobly. The legal knowledge which he brought to bear in debate upon questions in which it was of service, obtained for him, in 1788, the office of solicitor-general and the honour of knighthood. In the succeeding year Sir John became attorney-general, from which period to 1798 his professional income is said to have averaged £10,000 per annum. In 1792 he had purchased the estate of Eldon, in the county of Durham; and accepting in 1799 the chief judgeship of the Common Pleas, was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Eldon, of Eldon. Meanwhile his brother William had greatly distinguished himself in another branch of the law, and became a judge and Baron Stowell.

When the early symptoms of George III.'s distressing malady were first manifested, Sir John Scott took the part of his majesty so effectually in parliament on the delicate subject of the establishment of a regency, that the king felt personally obliged to him, and materially aided in his promotion. His majesty's regard for Lord Eldon lasted as long as the unhappy monarch had command over his own mind and actions. In 1801, when a new ministry had to be formed, in consequence of Mr Pitt's resignation, Lord Eldon became Lord Chancellor solely by the king's intervention. "I do not know," said Eldon several years afterwards to his niece, "what made George III. so fond of me; but he was fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, "I give them to you from my heart." The biographer accounts for this eccentric action from the unsettlement of the royal mind, which about that time began to be more unequivocally manifest than before. From this cause Lord Eldon—as the personal friend of the king (which he had now become), and as the most responsible officer in the realm—occupied a painful and embarrassing position. "God grant," he exclaims in the anecdote book, "that no future chancellor may go through the same distressing scenes, or be exposed to the dangerous responsibility which I went through, and was exposed to, during the indispositions of my sovereign! My own attachment to him supported me through those scenes."

Eldon continued chancellor till 1806, when a new ministry was formed of some of the ablest men of all parties, and therefore nick-named "All the Talents." This effected such changes as obliged Lord Eldon, on the 7th of February, to resign the seals of office. When he went to place them in the hands of the king, 'his majesty appeared for a few minutes to occupy himself with other things; looking up suddenly, he exclaimed, "Lay them down on the sofa, for I cannot, and I will not take them from you!"'

'All the Talents' only remained in office a year, and in March 1807 Lord Eldon again became chancellor; an office which he held for twenty succeeding years. In 1821 George IV.—who gradually acquired as great a regard for him as the late king had shown—almost forced an earldom upon Baron Eldon, he having twice previously declined the honour. In 1827 the earl retired from office on the death of Lord Liverpool, and the accession to the premiership of Mr Canning, to whose politics his own were opposed.

During the latter years of his official life, Lord Eldon did not decide the cases which the increase of business in Chancery had accumulated 'quick enough' to give general satisfaction. That, however, he decided 'well enough,' is proved by the few appeals which were made from his judgments, and the authority as precedents which they have since become.

Lord Eldon took a warm interest in public affairs after his retirement from the woolsack. He died on the 13th January 1838, in Hamilton Place, London, at the advanced age of 87, having retained to the last the

full use of his faculties. He was buried at Encombe (an estate he had purchased) beside his wife, whom he survived a few years. The present Earl of Eldon is the grandson of the chancellor.

THE LACE-BORDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

These shall the stormy passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.—GRAY.

'I THINK I must have it, Frances,' exclaimed Miss Catesby, addressing her cousin as she gazed admiringly upon a richly-bordered cambric handkerchief she held in her hand. 'It is the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw, and as I am not likely to want one again for such an occasion in the course of my life, I think I may venture to be extravagant for once.'

'For once!' repeated Frances, archly smiling.

'Well, you can't say that I am in the habit of being extravagant,' returned the young lady in a tone of voice far from gentle.

'Don't be angry, my dear Harriet,' interposed her cousin. 'I did not mean to give offence; but I must confess that I think five guineas for a handkerchief really more than your circumstances will afford.'

'Perhaps so, upon an ordinary occasion,' was the reply; 'but not for my wedding-day. Besides, as Sir Charles is rich, when I am Lady Melville there will not be that necessity for me to look to the cost of everything as I have been obliged to do with my limited allowance from papa.'

As the young lady spoke, she threw the handkerchief upon the dressing-table, where lay a number of articles of a similar description, which she had previously selected from the box before her; and the manner in which it was done convinced her companion that it would be useless to make any further appeal to her prudence.

'Well, I believe I have looked out all I want,' the bride-elect pursued musingly. 'Ruffles, lappets, veil, scarf, and handkerchief. Now Frances, you can make your choice, and then the young woman may take back the box.'

'I have already purchased all I can afford,' her cousin returned; 'perhaps more than I can really afford,' she added, 'for I have but one sovereign left of my quarter's allowance.'

'You might, I think, upon such an occasion, trench a little upon your next quarter,' remarked Miss Catesby. 'You know there is no necessity for you to pay for the articles immediately. But nothing will break you, Frances, of those parsimonious habits. I really believe you would rather disgrace my bridal by wearing nothing but faded finery, than spend in dress a sixpence above what you consider to be right out of your income.'

'No, Harriet, I would not disgrace your bridal by an unsuitable appearance,' her cousin made answer; 'but I would rather deprive myself of the pleasure of being present, if it were necessary, than either incur debts which it would be beyond my power to liquidate, or use that portion of my income I conscientiously set aside for charitable purposes.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the housemaid, who, stammering an apology for interrupting Miss Catesby, begged to say that the young person who had brought the basket with the satin dresses from Mrs Smith's, asked permission to call again in an hour, to know if there were any alterations necessary, as she had some particular business to attend to immediately.

'Call again in an hour!' repeated Miss Catesby, elevating her voice to its loudest tones; 'she shall do no such thing; I shall be from home in an hour; I am going to the jeweller's. Bid her wait.'

'Nay, my dear Harriet, if the young woman has business of importance to attend to, let us delay our ride

another half hour,' pleaded Frances; 'besides, it will take you at least that time to try it on,' she further observed.

'I won't be controlled by a dressmaker's apprentice,' vociferated the offended lady; 'what does Mrs Smith mean by sending a person who would take the liberty to dictate when I am to attend to her? Bid her wait, on peril of my seeking some modesto who is more solicitous to please her customers than her mistress.'

The housemaid withdrew, but not till she had whispered in the ear of Miss Lisle that she should not have ventured to ask Miss Catesby, had not the poor thing pleaded so hard and cried so bitterly.

Frances knew too well that an appeal to the feelings of her cousin whilst in her present irritated state would only add to her displeasure. She therefore forebore to make any, but resolved to try at least to effect by stratagem what could not be done by any other means. Going quietly to the wicker basket, which had been standing in the apartment for more than an hour, whilst the bride-elect was selecting the lace and cambric articles, she drew forth the dresses, and proceeded to try on her own.

'Fortunately it will require no alterations,' she observed, after a brief survey of her figure in the mirror. 'Well, Harriet, if yours fit as nicely, it will look beautiful on your fine form.'

The bait had the desired effect. The vanity of the haughty beauty was aroused, and she was quickly disrobed of her morning dress, and arrayed in the one destined for her bridal.

'It really becomes you admirably,' Frances pursued, gazing on her cousin's exquisitely-moulded figure with unaffected admiration, and without one throb of envy agitating her generous breast. Harriet thought so too, and she smiled complacently upon her beautiful resemblance as it appeared at full length before her. 'Well, I don't think I shall disgrace a title to-morrow,' she murmured; and Frances, seeing that the storm of anger was for the present subsided, now ventured to ask if she should ring for the young woman and bid her tell Mrs Smith that the dresses were quite approved of.

Miss Catesby nodded assent, and continued standing before the mirror, adding to the dress the rich lace appendages with which it was to be graced on the morrow. 'There, I only want the pearls and the orange blossom in my hair,' she said, turning towards her cousin after she had arranged all to her perfect satisfaction. She started on perceiving that the dressmaker's apprentice was in the room, for she had been too much occupied by self-admiration to hear her enter.

'I hope the other business you had to transact for Mrs Smith was not very important?' Miss Lisle observed, addressing her humble companion, whose face bore but too evident marks of the truth of the housemaid's assertion that she had been crying bitterly. 'Or, at least,' she added, 'that she will not be angry with you when you tell her that we detained you?'

'It was not any business of Mrs Smith's I had to attend to, ma'am,' the girl replied, 'but I wanted to give my poor sick mother her dinner.'

'Your sick mother,' repeated Frances, with a look of concern.

'Yes, ma'am; my mother is confined to her bed, and has no one but me to wait upon her, and Mrs Smith is so kind as to let me go home to give her her meals; but it is more than an hour past the time I usually go, and I am afraid she will be faint for want; and besides that, she gets very unhappy when I am beyond my time.'

'Oh, Harriet,' exclaimed Frances, turning towards her cousin with her mild eyes full of tears, 'I would not have delayed this poor girl for the value of a dozen satin dresses.' She looked at the beautiful bride-elect in the full expectation of seeing contrition in her aspect, but to her disappointment discovered that her gentle reproof had only re-awakened the yet scarcely subsided angry feelings of that young lady. 'I am not so easily imposed upon as you are, Frances,' she returned, with

a disdainful sneer; 'I don't believe every idle tale I hear.'

Fearing that something might be said to wound more severely the already oppressed heart of the unoffending girl, Miss Lisle turned from her cousin without further remark. 'And you cannot afford to hire any one to wait upon your mother, I suppose?' she asked, again addressing the dressmaker's apprentice.

'No, ma'am, we have very little to live upon, now my mother is ill. When she was well she used to work, but she can't now.'

'And is there no kind neighbour who will do anything for her when you are obliged to be absent?' the young lady further interrogated.

'No, ma'am—that is, they are generally too much engaged,' she replied in a hesitating tone.

'What is your name, and where do you live?' inquired Frances; 'I will take an early opportunity of calling on your sick parent if you will give me your address.'

There was an evident embarrassment in the manner of the girl as Miss Lisle put this question to her; her cheek grew flushed, and her eyes sought the ground. 'Oh, madam,' she faltered forth, 'ours is not a home fit for you to visit, it is so very mean.'

'No matter about its meanness,' interposed the young lady; 'I should visit you with the hope of being able to render it more comfortable;' and she took her pocket-book from her reticule and prepared to write down the direction.

'My name is Mary Jennings, and we live at No. 16, — Street,' she said, curtsying respectfully; and she was about to depart, when Frances, thinking that a small sum of money would be of immediate service, bid her stop a moment whilst she ran to her own dressing-room to fetch her purse.

The kind and sympathising tones in which she had been addressed by one so far her superior in station, caused poor Mary's tears to flow afresh; and vain were her efforts to repress them. Miss Lisle returning, slipped a piece of silver into her hand, and hurried her away, to prevent her thanks.

'Come, Frances, you have spent so much time talking to that girl, you will not be ready to go with me to the jeweller's,' exclaimed Harriet pettishly.

'I will attend you in a minute,' her cousin replied; 'you know it does not take me long to arrange my dress. There,' she gaily added, having placed on her bonnet, and thrown a shawl hastily around her—'there, my dear, I am ready before you after all, and I shall even have time to act as lady's-maid;' and she proceeded as she spoke to hang the wedding dresses in the wardrobe, and fold up the recently-purchased lace and cambric articles which her companion had scattered about the room.

'Ah, I shall have a lady's-maid when I am Lady Melville,' murmured the bride-elect, as she carefully arranged her velvet cloak, and finally drew on her gloves.

'Where have you laid the handkerchief you just now bought?' inquired Frances; 'I see all the other new articles: surely you put it back into the box by mistake?'

'Surely I did not,' Miss Catesby angrily returned. 'I am not so elated at the thought of being married to-morrow as not to know what I am doing. It is upon the dressing-table.'

'No, my dear Harriet, it is not,' Frances gently said. 'Then that dressmaker's girl has stolen it,' screamed forth the lady, darting across the room as she spoke, and throwing over the brushes, combs, feathers, jewels, ribbons, and perfume bottles which lay scattered upon the toilet.

'Softly, softly, dear cousin; I cannot think the poor girl was a thief,' interposed Miss Lisle. 'It is very possible that you replaced it in the box without being aware of it.'

'I am by no means certain that she is not a thief,' vociferated Harriet; 'indeed her conduct appeared very

like one. How confused she was when you asked her name and residence, and how unwillingly she gave it!'

'That might have arisen from a false shame of her extreme poverty,' pleaded Frances. 'She may have known better days; indeed her aspect denoted it. Don't be so severe, cousin, but let us send to the milliner's to inquire if the young person who brought the box of lace and cambric articles took back the handkerchief in it.'

'I am positive that I saw the handkerchief on the table after the box was sent home, and I shall order the coachman to drive immediately to the house of your new protégée,' Miss Catesby sarcastically returned.

'Allow me, then, to accompany you,' asked Frances, who now began to feel great concern lest her cousin's surmises should prove true, she herself having a vague recollection of seeing the handkerchief lying upon the toilet whilst she was talking to the girl. Indeed the thought had occurred to her, that the five guineas which had been expended upon it might have hired a nurse to attend the sick woman; but she wisely forebore to make any further remark, and they together stepped into the carriage.

The street named by Mary Jennings as her place of residence was narrow and dirty, and Miss Catesby felt some reluctance to enter it; but the idea of regaining her beautiful handkerchief stimulated her to surmount all minor obstacles. The door of the house was open, and when the coachman inquired of some children who were playing before it if Mrs Jennings lived there, he was directed by them up a flight of dark stairs to the 'first floor back.'

'Will you stop in the carriage, and permit me to go up alone?' asked Frances, who perceived some disinclination to alight on the part of her cousin, and who was anxious to spare the feelings of the unfortunate inmates, if innocent, by delicately revealing her errand.

Miss Catesby hesitated; her repugnance to come in contact with poverty and dirt at length, however, so far overcame the violence of her anger, that she consented to the proposition.

Following the direction of the children, Miss Lisle gently tapped at the door of the back room; but finding it gave way to her touch, was unintentionally a witness to what was passing within. The curtains of the bed being closely drawn, concealed the invalid from her view; but she immediately recognised the dressmaker's apprentice, who was seated on a low stool before a recently-lighted fire, busily occupied in fanning the flame with her bonnet. Frances would have attracted her attention by addressing her; but the scene which immediately followed riveted her to the spot, and prevented her utterance. Much heated by the fatigue, the girl drew her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe the perspiration from her brow, and with it, to the painful surprise of her visitor, displayed the beautiful Valenciennes lace which embellished the one she was in search of. Her face being averted, Miss Lisle could not read its expression; but she observed that she carefully examined the costly article, and then rising in great haste, thrust it into an open table-drawer which stood by her side. In turning to resume her occupation, their eyes met, when Mary, darting across the apartment, exclaimed in a tone which no unprejudiced person could believe to be feigned, 'Oh, madam, I am so glad you are come; I have just discovered that I have by some means taken by mistake an article which belongs to you or to Miss Catesby.'

'It belongs to me, you hypocritical little thief,' said a voice from behind; and Harriet, who had repented of her forbearance, and followed her cousin up stairs, rushed in a violent rage into the chamber. 'You have stolen my property, you deceitful whiner,' she exclaimed, 'and I will not only expose you to your employer, but have you punished by a magistrate.'

The unhappy girl, in an agony of terror, threw herself at the lady's feet and implored mercy. She in the most solemn manner called Heaven to witness her protestations of innocence. She knew nothing, she said, of having the article in her possession until the moment

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before, when she drew it forth from her pocket with her own. She could only account for its being there by supposing that, in the distress of mind she was in at leaving her mother so long without nourishment, she had, whilst standing by the toilet, unconsciously taken it up; and she implored Miss Catesby, for that mother's sake, if not for her own, to take pity on their fallen condition, and not add to their other troubles that of loss of character.

'But what made you thrust the handkerchief into that drawer, instead of coming forth and telling your mother of the mistake, if mistake it was?' cried Harriet in the same elevated tone of voice.

'I was afraid of alarming my mother,' the girl sobbed forth. 'I intended to bring it back—indeed, ma'am, I did—as soon as I had given her the gruel I was making.'

'And has she tasted nothing yet?' inquired Frances. 'Pray be calm, cousin,' she added intreatingly, 'for a little season at least, whilst Mary gives the poor woman some nourishment. We shall kill her by this excitement in her present weak state.'

But Miss Lisle might with equal effect have endeavoured to quiet the boisterous elements as her cousin's stormy passions when they were aroused by what she deemed an injury. 'Calm!' she repeated; 'do you think I am going to be robbed *calmly*. The woman deserves to suffer—doubtless she is an accomplice; and darting across the room as she spoke, she drew forth the costly article, soiled, crumpled, and altogether unfit for use until it had undergone the operation of washing. At this discovery her rage became ungovernable, and the noise it occasioned collected a motley group to the door of the chamber, though, as if fearful of proceeding further, they only gazed in stupefied amazement on the scene which was passing within.

The feeble voice of the invalid, who called repeatedly to know what was the meaning of the tumult, was drowned in the clamour of Miss Catesby's ravings and poor Mary's sobs. 'Send for a constable,' said the lady. 'Will no one obey me?' she proceeded, seeing that not one of the group showed any inclination to fulfil her commands. 'Bid my coachman fetch one then,' she added; 'I will not leave the spot till I see that abominable girl carried off to prison. What do you mean, woman, by encouraging your daughter to rob her mistress's customers?' she fiercely demanded, at the same time tearing back the curtains which had hitherto concealed the mother from view.

'Spare the poor creature those taunts, I intreat you, Harriet,' cried Frances, attempting to wrest the drapery from her hand. 'If you have no regard for anything else, pray spare an unhappy woman whose death you are probably hastening.'

'I will not spare her,' Miss Catesby replied, still retaining her hold; 'she shall hear me; and as she spoke, she turned once again to the invalid.

'She little thinks she is so near a woman with the small-pox,' said a hoarse voice from without the door; and as the dreadful words met the ear of the enraged lady, her eye fell for the first time upon a face the features of which could scarcely be distinguished, so marred were they by the inroads of that horrible malady. A cry of alarm escaped the lips of Miss Catesby; she dropped the curtain, threw the handkerchief from her, as she would have cast a serpent, and without uttering a word, rushed through the crowd down the dark and narrow stairs.

Frances instinctively retreated from the near proximity of the invalid. 'Why did you not make us acquainted with the nature of your mother's disease before?' she inquired, addressing Mary.

'Mrs Smith forbade me to mention it, ma'am,' was her reply; 'and—and—I did not think you would come here so soon,' she hesitatingly added.

Miss Lisle's first impulse was to take the handkerchief, which Mary had now picked up from the floor and carefully folded; but, thinking that Miss Catesby

would be averse to its admittance into the carriage, lest it should convey contagion, she bade her, as soon as she had attended to her mother, take it to some laundress who would engage to get it washed and delivered that evening. Then, adding a few words of comfort to the unfortunate girl, she followed her cousin down the stairs.

She found that young lady in a state of mind which made it far from desirable to become her companion. If the loss of her lace-bordered handkerchief had aroused her passions, the idea of the probable loss of her beauty infuriated her still more; and she had now as little command over herself as one whose reason is totally overthrown. Anger and terror strove for mastery in her bosom. She had from her very childhood dreaded that direful malady, which the woman whose only recommendation is a fine set of features and a brilliant complexion, has indeed so much cause to dread; but she had hitherto kept aloof from every possible contact with it. Now she had breathed the pestilential air, and gazed upon the horrid spectacle, which seemed to her disordered imagination still before her, and she felt no doubt but that she was infected by the disease. With the injustice which almost always attends the indulgence of anger, she scrupled not to accuse her friend of having been the cause of her misfortunes. It was her false pity for the girl, she said, which had brought the little thief into her dressing-room; and Frances, feeling assured it would be in vain to reason with her, allowed her to proceed without interruption. This line of conduct was, however, more irritating to the enraged lady than the most violent retorts could have been; and finding all she said had no effect upon her companion, she at length threw herself into a corner of the carriage, and gave vent to a fit of hysteric sobs.

So absorbed was the mind of Miss Catesby with the events of the last two hours, that she forgot the business she had intended to transact during the morning; indeed her eagerness to disrobe herself of the garments which might contain the infection was too great to allow of her making a selection of pearls, had she thought of it.

'Be calm, Harriet, as you value your happiness,' exclaimed Frances as the vehicle stopped before her uncle's door. 'Here is the carriage of Sir Charles Melville waiting; he is doubtless within.'

The sound of that name acted as a powerful talisman upon the feelings of the bride-elect: for she loved her betrothed husband as sincerely and as ardently as the selfish and vain are capable of loving. She was aware it was only to her having appeared in a false character when in his presence that she owed his regard, and she was conscious that the discovery of the unamiable part she had taken in the transactions of the morning might alienate him from her for ever. 'I feel ill, very ill,' she said, addressing her cousin as they alighted. 'Pray lead me to my chamber;' and Frances, in whose gentle breast early associations and constant intercourse had awakened a sisterly regard, offered her arm with much concern, and asked if she might be permitted to send for medical aid.

Harriet answered in the negative. But no sooner had they reached her chamber, than she appeared so seriously indisposed, that Miss Lisle thought it necessary to seek Mr Catesby, that she might communicate to him (but with all the palliations charity and affection could suggest) the sad events of the morning. She found him in company with the baronet in the drawing-room, and the recital caused so much alarm to both father and lover, that a physician was immediately sent for. Every precaution which affection and skill could prompt was taken; but in vain. The dreadful disease had too surely fixed its malignant infection upon the haughty beauty; and the day which was to have beheld her a bride, found her stretched upon a couch of sickness—sickness rendered more difficult to endure by its being accompanied by self-reproaches.

Frances, who possessed few personal attractions, ex-

cepting those which arise from sweetness of expression, escaped the malady, though she was a constant attendant upon her sick friend. She, with the self-sacrificing generosity which was one of the strongest traits in her character, shrunk not from the wearying and even dangerous task; and the devotedness she displayed so penetrated the now softened and subdued heart of the unhappy sufferer, that she, for the first time even to herself, acknowledged that the moral virtues of her cousin were of far more intrinsic worth than that beauty of which she had hitherto been so vain, and of which a breath of pestilential air had robbed her. It is not unfrequently the case that the couch of severe bodily affliction teaches a salutary lesson, and thus it was with Harriet Catesby. It brought before her, in dread array, the events of a misspent life—a life hitherto devoted to self-gratification, the indulgence of evil passions, and the pursuit of admiration; but in Frances she met with a gentle mistress, the consistency of whose actions being a beautiful commentary upon the truths which fell from her lips, gave those truths a powerful influence, which precept, unaccompanied by example, could never effect.

It was the first time in her life that Harriet had ever listened with patience to advice, however mildly given; her spirit had hitherto been too proud to acknowledge that she could require it. But the scene was now changed. Affliction's hallowed fires had refined the dross of her character, and it came forth from the furnace as much altered for the better as her personal charms were impaired.

A few weeks subsequent to the recovery of Miss Catesby, she became the bride of Sir Charles Melville; but she was an altered woman—altered in mind as well as in appearance, inasmuch as she now really possessed those virtues she had before but counterfeited; and though her husband is not aware of the fact, he has little reason to regret her loss of beauty, since it was the means of producing this mental and moral renovation.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE AND ITS EXTENSION.

What is Possible to be Known.—All human knowledge is limited, but who has reached the boundary in any direction? Doubtless there are geological problems which can never be solved, many recondite laws which can never be disclosed by investigation of visible phenomena; but yet the progress of the human mind, or rather the combination and mutual irradiation of ascertained truths, continually removes further the visible barrier of knowledge, and renders possible many problems once despaired of.—*Philips's Treatise on Geology.*

Recent Unlikelihood of now Acknowledged Truths.—Would it have been thought possible by a chemist thirty years ago, that the same substance should act the part of an acid in one case and a base in the other?—that water should be possessed of such properties?—or still more, that hydrochloric acid in combination with chloride of platinum, should act as the base or electro-positive ingredient? Yet such are the facts. These would have appeared to a chemist, at the commencement of the present century, totally inconsistent with what he knew of chemical action; but they are now readily comprehensible under laws which include all the facts hitherto ascertained. Or take a different illustration: would any electrician, twenty years ago, have supposed it consistent with physical laws that a mechanical force, 50,000 times greater than that of gravity, may be instantaneously generated by the action of galvanism on a metallic alloy (as shown by Sir J. Herschel), or that a feeble current of electricity, issuing from a single pair of plates, may generate (if properly applied) a magnetic force capable of sustaining many hundred pounds? The higher and more general are the laws we attain, the more do we find that they include facts which at first sight appeared inconsistent with them.—*Carpenter on the Differences of the Laws regulating Vital and Physical Phenomena. Ed. Phil. Jour., 1836.*

A Case of Over-Confident Belief.—The spirit of opposition to new truths often overshoots its mark, and from a judicious caution, degenerates into a dogmatic scepticism.

One of the most unlucky ventures ever made in this spirit was the bold and overbearing denial made by a medical critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, with regard to the discoveries of Drs Gall and Spurzheim in the structure of the brain. Animated by a furious zeal against the pathological system of these doctors, the reviewer hesitated not to reject the whole of their curious and most meritorious discoveries in the cerebral organization, not taking pains to detect any fallacy in these discoveries by experiment, but trusting entirely to his own conviction—that is, in a position—that no such discoveries had been, or could be made. Down to that time the brain was supposed to be mere pulp, or at the most it was acknowledged to present some appearances of fibrous structure when coagulated and torn in a particular direction. Drs Gall and Spurzheim discovered and announced the pervasion of the brain by fibres of two kinds, or at least in two arrangements (converging and diverging), of which fact they presented in their works, all the requisite illustrations. Of their observations on this structure of the brain the reviewer first gave an ample account, and then added—'It is my painful duty to remark, that the system is a complete fiction from beginning to end.' And not only this, but he deliberately asserted that their fictions were concocted with the intention of deceiving. Their writings, he said in conclusion, 'have not added one fact to the stock of our knowledge respecting either the structure or functions of man, but consist of such a mixture of gross errors, extravagant absurdities, and downright misstatements, as can leave no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of honest and intelligent men, as to the real ignorance, the real hypocrisy, and the real empiricism of the authors.' Now, on which side are we to suppose either the honesty or the intelligence to lie, when we learn that the discoveries in question are now admitted into the circle of science as truths at once new and valuable? They are partly embodied in a recent anatomical work of Frederick Arnold; and Dr Roget, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, quotes a paper of Dr Macartney, read at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association, showing the complicated fibrous structure of the brain, 'establishing the most extensive and general communications between every part of it.' For a more recently acknowledged how powerful Drs Gall and Spurzheim contributed to the progress of the anatomy of the nervous system; and adds, 'Whatever may be the fate of many of their opinions, it remains not the less certain that we must ascribe the zeal of the moderns for the science of this elevated part of the organization to the fruitful principles which they proclaimed, and to the immense interest which they succeeded in inspiring for the study to which they dedicated their lives.' These testimonies form a curious commentary upon the author of the review, showing that the guilt of assertion without proper grounds lay entirely with himself. He probably thought he was doing good service in writing as he did: of his intentions, let the most favourable construction be formed. But he theorised rashly in denial. What others had ascertained by experiment and careful inquiry, he repudiated upon mere supposition. Wishing to be very philosophical, he mistook scepticism for caution, whereas investigation alone could have served his end. And thus where he thought he was pilorying two empirics, he has only stuck himself up as a durable memento of the danger of over-confident disbelief.

Defence of Speculation.—One would think that in thinking there were something wicked or else unwise; everybody feels or fancies a necessity of disclaiming it. 'I am not given to speculation'—'I am no friend to theories.' Speculation—theory—what is it but thinking? Can a man disclaim speculation—can he disclaim theory, without disclaiming thought? If they do not mean thought, they mean nothing; for unless it be a little more thought than ordinary, theory, speculation, mean nothing.—*Benthamiana.*

The Value of Scientific Researches not to be Estimated by their Direct or Immediate Utility.—The sciences must often be cultivated from the mere feeling of their own excellence, and must be followed into recesses where their immediate connexion with objects of utility cannot be perceived. Had mathematicians never indulged themselves in any speculations but such as were certainly conducive to purposes of acknowledged utility, the instruments and methods by which the lunar theory has been brought to perfection would probably have still remained unknown; and of

course the great practical question concerning the long-itude would have yet received no solution. The applications of a particular discovery, and the useful conclusions to which it leads, in many instances remain unknown till the future progress of science bring them to light. A series of new discoveries may be necessary to give value to those that have long since been made. Napier, when he invented logarithms, proposed no other object to himself than that of facilitating arithmetical calculations; and this he doubtless saw that he had fully accomplished. But with all his sagacity and depth of thought, he little knew the richness of the vein he was working; he could not foresee that, for the next two hundred years, when the mathematical sciences were to proceed with a rapidity yet unexampled in the history of knowledge, they were hardly to advance a step without developing some further consequences of his discovery, and some new applications of it, branches of science which in his time had no existence. To foretell beforehand the uses to which a discovery, whether mathematical or physical, may be applied, is not given to man; and we who have seen the aspect of all chemical, and a great part of physical science changed, in consequence of the convulsions excited in the limbs of a dead frog, will not easily be induced to reject any experiment, or any observation, as frivolous and unnecessary.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 30.

LOVE OF FLOWERS IN GERMANY.

I have already mentioned the great use they make of flowers here to ornament their streets and houses on *fete* days. But they put them to another, more touching to the heart. We were often surprised to see the number of garlands hanging round many of the carriages leaving Wildbad. All classes seemed to be favoured in the same way more or less. We found it was a tribute of friendship, a parting gift, and the formation of these garlands contributed some small addition to the purses of the makers. Such things may appear trifles, but they are in fact matters of great consequence; inasmuch as everything that draws heart to heart, and mind to mind—that contributes, even in a remote degree, to unite human creatures in kind and affectionate remembrance to each other, is of consequence.

‘Flowers are one of the many beautiful gifts of God to man.’

The cultivation of them improves his health and raises his mind, if he thinks about them. The beauty of them pleases his eye, and ornaments his dwelling, and keeps him at home. In the working-classes, much might be done in the improvement of their morals, habits, and manners, by encouraging them to pass their few leisure hours in the cultivation of flowers. The difference between two families, one loving flowers, the other loving gin, at the end of twelve months, would be very striking. It may be said, all cannot have gardens. True; but all may have a few flowers in their windows, and many more than they imagine; for a little wooden balcony could easily be made outside of every window; and the very circumstance of tending these flowers would induce them occasionally to open the windows, and give air, that best tonic to the poor, exhausted, typhus-fevered inhabitant. But here the window-tax comes in, especially in towns, as a monster of evil, to debar the human race from what God and nature have declared absolutely necessary to their existence and well-being. The number of windows to the houses on the continent must be remarked by all travellers. The cottages in this forest are one line of windows, giving light and life to all within; and by the adoption of the stove, all are kept warm and comfortable at a small expense. If stoves were used in England for the poor, it would save them a great outlay, and in all probability would prevent many an illness. As they need not fear cold, they would then open the windows. If all my readers could witness the state of the rooms inhabited by the poor within a stone's throw of the splendid shop-windows of magnificent Regent Street, they would shrink from it with horror. They would be tempted to break through the walls to give the fainting creatures light and air, or transport them to the heath-covered mountain, and let them rather lie under the natural rock, than within the walls of the unnatural, pestilential prison they were found in. To the ladies of the creation, flowers are a boon beyond all price; and, if the gentlemen knew it, to them, through their wives. The lady who is fond of her garden, and delights in the cultivation of it, will not seek expensive pleasures abroad. Home is everything to her, and if her husband is

wise enough to encourage her taste, he is a happy man. Women feel deeply little attentions; and in all probability there are few who would be bad wives if they had kind, affectionate, well-judging husbands.—*Lady Vasour's Tour*.

CAPTURE OF WHALES IN FAROE.

Mr W. C. Trevelyan communicates to the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* some curious particulars with regard to the whale capture of the Faroe Islands. Hitherto, there has usually been a considerable capture of the small caaing whale (*delphinus melas*) in those islands by means of stranding alone. In the course of last year the natives for the first time tried a net, and their success has been splendid. The number of whales thus taken in 1843 was 3146, out of which oil to the value of L.5665 was obtained. The people, hitherto in the custom of using the flesh of these animals as food for themselves, have now applied it to the support of their cattle, for whom it makes an excellent winter fodder. ‘For this purpose the flesh is cut into long and narrow strips, and dried, without salt, in the air, in the same manner as when used for food by the natives; when well dried, it will keep good for two years. When used, it is cut into pieces two or three inches long, and slightly boiled; any oil rising to the surface is skimmed off, and then the soup and meat are given to the cows, together with about one-half or one-third the usual quantity of hay. On this food they appear to thrive well, giving an increased quantity of milk; and neither it nor the cream has any unpleasant flavour, as they have when the animals are fed on dried fish, as in Iceland and other northern countries. Many cows have usually perished in Faroe from the scarcity of fodder in winter; and my correspondent, the Rev. Mr Schroter (who has for many years exerted himself in improving the condition of his fellow-countrymen), calculates that the lives of more than six hundred cows were saved last winter by the use of this food; which, he remarks, might be found of value for the same purpose in Shetland and Orkney, where, from the flesh of the dolphins being disliked as food, great quantities of it are wasted, which might be profitably employed in this way—a more valuable application of it than for manure, as formerly suggested; and if the supply were at all regular, it might enable the inhabitants to increase their stock of cows in winter, and thus add much to their domestic comfort.’

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE AMERICAN STATES.

Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason by patent, November 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *vert*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts, from a tribe of Indians in the neighbourhood of Boston: the tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton—I have learned, says Roger Williams, ‘that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills.’ Rhode Island was named in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river; New York in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was named in 1681 after William Penn; Delaware in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay; Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was named in 1584 after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England; Carolina by the French in 1564, in honour of King Charles IX. of France; Georgia in 1772, in honour of King George III.; Alabama in 1817, from its principal river; Mississippi in 1800, from its western boundary: Mississippi is said to denote Kie, whole river; that is, the river formed by the union of many. Louisiana, so called in honour of Louis XVI. of France; Tennessee in 1796, from its principal river: the word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon; Kentucky in 1792, from its principal river; Illinois in 1809, from its principal river: the word is said to signify the river of men; Indiana in 1802, from American Indians; Ohio in 1802, from its southern boundary; Missouri in 1821, from its principal river. Michigan was named in 1805 from the lake on its

borders; Arkansas in 1819, from its principal river. Florida was so called by Juan Ponce Le Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.—*Simmond's Colonial Magazine*.

KINDNESS.

The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity, than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.—*Fawcett*.

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

FAIR flower of silent night!

Unto thy hard an emblem thou shouldst be:
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,
Silence and solitude its depths unveil:
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray:

So in life's last decline,
When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may like thy blossoms shine
Bright at the last:

And, as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flowret, brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay!

—*From the Lyre, a Collection of Poetry, 1838.*

CURDLING OF MILK.

The coagulation of milk under the influence of a simple wet membrane is a phenomenon so remarkable, and so difficult to explain, that we need not wonder at the attention it has excited. Experiments have been made with a view of ascertaining the effect on the membrane itself. Among these, a very curious one is due to Berzelius: he relates that he took a bit of the lining of a calf's stomach, washed it clean, dried it as completely as possible, weighed it carefully, put it into eighteen hundred times its weight of milk, and heated the whole to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. After some little time coagulation was complete. He then removed the membrane, washed, dried, and once more weighed it; the loss amounted to rather more than one-seventeenth of the whole. According to this experiment, one part of the active matter dissolved from the membrane had coagulated about thirty thousand of milk. —*Fownes's Chemical Prize Essay*.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never preeminate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without

the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

ANGER.

As a preventative of anger, banish all tale-bearers and slanderers from your conversation, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience, and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or into the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own house.—*Old Divine*.

DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call *effort*. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men such a consciousness of their powers, does not train to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will—that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing.—*Channing*.

SHRIMPS.

The office of shrimps, says a writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, seems to be analogous to that of some of the insects on land, whose task is to clear away the remains of dead animal matter after the beasts and birds of prey have been satiated. If a dead small bird or frog be placed where ants have access to it, those insects will speedily reduce the body to a closely-cleaned skeleton. The shrimp family, acting in hosts, as speedily remove all traces of fish or flesh from the bones of any dead animal exposed to their ravage. They are, in short, the principal scavengers of the ocean; and, notwithstanding their office, they are deservedly and highly prized as nutritious and delicious food.

EASTERN MODE OF MEASURING TIME.

The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, 'How long my shadow is in coming!' 'Why did you not come sooner?' 'Because I waited for my shadow.' In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written—'As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow.'—*Robert's Illustrations*.

COURAGE.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils: it is the abandonment of good, the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician.—*Van Kemel*.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 98 Miller Street, Glasgow); and, with their permission, by W. & ORN, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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